

MACHINE
MAN

MARVEL® COMICS GROUP

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AUTHORITY

MACHINE man™

THE LIVING ROBOT



AS GALACTIC INVADERS CLOSE
FOR THE KILL, MACHINE MAN
TURNS HIS BACK ON EARTH!
DAY OF THE NON-HERO!

This is the story of X-51—a thinking computer in the form of a man. As Aaron Stack, he tries to find a place in a world that's not quite ready for his kind—but will he find it as friend, foe, or the greatest hero of them all?

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **MACHINE MAN™**, THE LIVING ROBOT!

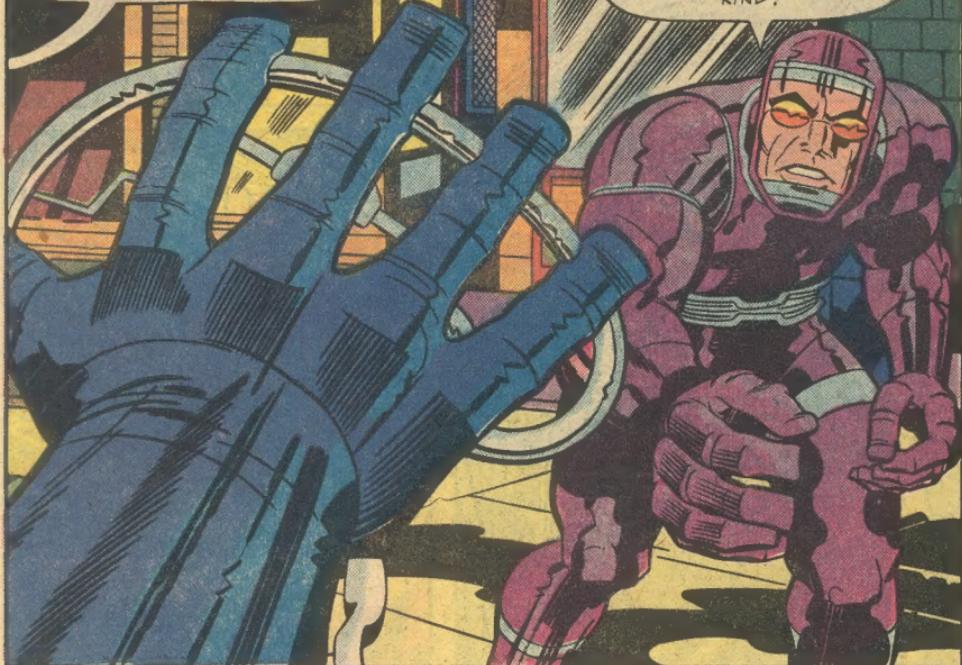
EDITED, WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY **JACK KIRBY** • LETTERS 'N' INKS BY **MIKE ROYER** • COLORS BY **PETRA GOLDBERG** • CONSULTING EDITOR **JIM SHOOTER**

THERE IS TO BE AN INVASION OF EARTH--AND NO ONE BELIEVES IT! THERE IS A VOLUNTEER WITH THE POWER TO STOP IT--BUT THE WORLD PUTS HIM DOWN! DOOM IS ON ITS WAY TO US--WITH NO RESISTANCE IN ITS PATH BUT A--

NON-HERO

YOU'VE COME TOO LATE,
MACHINE MAN! MY HAND-ANTENNA
HAS SENT A POWERFUL SIGNAL TO
A FLEET IN DEEP SPACE -- WHICH
WILL SOON BE HERE IN GREAT
FORCE!

IT JUST ISN'T GOING TO
HAPPEN, **TEN-FOR!** THIS
PLANET HAS HAD ITS FILL
OF YOU AND WILL BE SPARED
ANY CONTACT WITH YOUR
KIND!



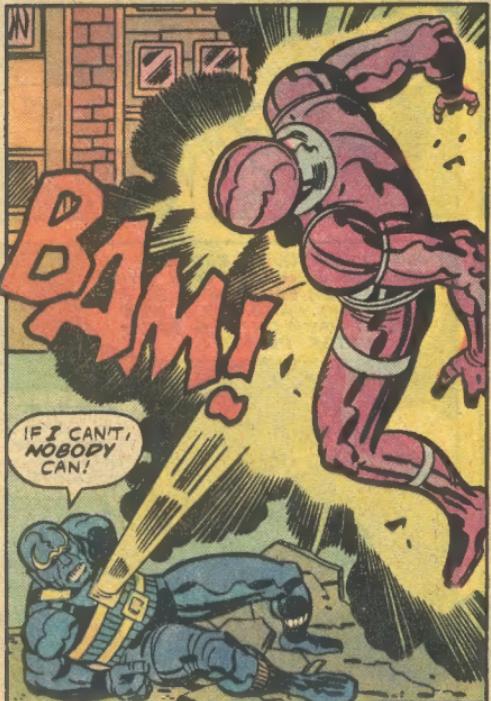
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VERY CLEVER!
YOU'VE DRAWN
ME AWAY
FROM THE
CROWD!

THERE'S ENOUGH POWER
MAGNETICS IN THESE
BOOTS TO PULL YOU
OVERSEAS. BUT I'M
SAVING YOU FOR
MYSELF!

ZIPPI!



SHAKEN BY THE BLAST, MACHINE MAN
STRUGGLES TO STAY AFOOT...

YOU FORGET THAT
I PACK AN
ARSENAL SUPERIOR
TO YOUR OWN! BUT
I'LL SAVE IT FOR THE
FINAL BLOW!

SURE! SAVE IT!
YOU'LL NEVER
GET THE CHANCE
TO USE IT!





WHAT DOES TIME AND SPACE MEAN TO THE MIGHTY STAR DRIVES OF THE AUTOCRON FLEET? IT WILL LEAP THE GALAXIES AND ESTABLISH THE RULE OF THE MACHINE BEFORE THE FLESH-WEARERS OF THIS WORLD CAN GATHER THEIR SENSES!

YOU'RE CROWING TOO SOON, TEN-FOR!

BAM!!
I'M RETURNING THE LAMP-POST--IN SPADES!

BLIND FOOL! DON'T YOU REALIZE MY OPENING BLOW WAS BUT THE FORERUNNER OF DEVASTATING POWER?!

YEAH--I'VE HEARD YOU BRAG BEFORE! NOW LET'S SEE WHAT YOU CAN REALLY DO AGAINST A NATIVE PRODUCT!

MY NEXT MOVE WILL--!

GET UP THEN, BLAST YOU!!
GET UP AND FIGHT--!

AT THAT MOMENT...

STAY WHERE YOU ARE!

YOU HEARD HIM! IF EITHER OF YOU MAKES ANOTHER MOVE, WE'LL OPEN FIRE!

READ 'EM THEIR RIGHTS!

WHAT'S ME DANGEROUS?

PLEASE! LET ME HANDLE THIS! HE'S MUCH TOO DANGEROUS--!

WHY, I WAS MERELY DEFENDING MYSELF AGAINST A PROVOKED ATTACK!



OF COURSE! YOU'RE THE ONE THAT WASHINGTON'S LOOKING FOR! THERE'S A SHOOT ON SIGHT ORDER OUT ON YOU!

WELL, WHY DON'T YOU CARRY IT OUT? I CERTAINLY DESERVE IT FOR PLAYING THE HERO!

THEN...

AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, THIS LETS ME OFF THE HOOK! THE ALIENS AND YOU CAN HAVE THE FIELD ALL TO YOURSELVES! I'M LEAVING!



RETRACTING HIS MIGHTY HYDRAULIC LEG SHAFTS, MACHINE MAN MAKES AN INCREDIBLE LEAP UPWARD...

THE PLANET MAY BE A BATTLE-FIELD BY TOMORROW EVENING, BUT I'M GOING TO CURL UP WITH A GOOD BOOK!



IN FACT, I FEEL RELAXED ALREADY! LET FATE DECIDE THE LARGER ISSUES!



SHAKESPEARE HIT THE MARK WHEN HE WROTE "WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE!"

AND, BY JUPITER, THAT INCLUDES ME AS WELL!



I HAD A PROBLEM BEFORE THIS HAPPENED! IT WAS CALLED DUTY AND RESPONSIBILITY--! BUT IT'S GONE NOW! YOU'VE CLEARED MY HEAD OF MORAL COBWEBS-- AND SEVERED MY HEART FROM THE PAST!



MEANWHILE, IN THE CENTRAL CITY SANITARIUM...

THIS IS A FINE TIME TO DO YOUR PART AS A PUBLIC SPIRITED CITIZEN, SPALDING!

I'VE RE-PORTED ALL I KNOW TO THE POLICE!

YOU'LL BE SURPRISED TO LEARN THAT TEN-FOR IS IN CUSTODY, COLONEL KRAGG!

BLAST THAT WALKING JUNK YARD! SO HE'S STILL AT LARGE, IS HE?

THEY EXPECT TO PICK UP MACHINE MAN MOMENTARILY!

I'LL CORNER HIM YET, SPALDING! AND WHEN I DO, MY TROOPS'LL BLOW OUT HIS BATTERIES!

I WAS IN COMMAND OF SECURITY WHEN I LOST THIS IN A BATTLE WITH HIS PROTOTYPES!

BUT THEY WERE ALL DESTROYED! THAT SHOULD EVEN THINGS!

BUT IT DOESN'T... I CAN SEE THAT! YOU WON'T REST TILL THE LAST PRODUCT OF THAT SECRET PROJECT FOLLOWS HIS PREDECESSORS INTO OBLIVION!

DON'T GIVE ME THAT "DOCTOR-TALK!"

BUT, I AM A DOCTOR--A PSYCHIATRIST, IN FACT--AND I CAN TELL YOU THAT DOING AWAY WITH MACHINE MAN MAY NOT GIVE YOU THE PEACE YOU HOPE FOR.

OF COURSE YOU'D SAY THAT! YOU'RE HIS FRIEND! YOU GAVE HIM SHELTER!

NOT ONLY THAT-- YOU HELPED HIM BRING THIS TEN-FOR CHARACTER TO THIS PLANET!

I ADMIT OUR MISTAKE! BUT THERE WERE SPECIAL CIRCUMSTANCES INVOLVED!

HE'S MEANER AND MORE DESTRUCTIVE THAN THOSE OTHER MACHINES EVER WERE!!

TEN-FOR IS A MENACE, ALL RIGHT! BUT MACHINE MAN IS THE ONLY ONE WITH THE POWER TO SEND HIM BACK WHERE HE CAME FROM!

GO ON -- YOU'VE GOT THE BALL-- RUN IT DOWN THE FIELD!

I'M TALKING AMNESTY! PUT DOWN YOUR WEAPONS AND LET MACHINE MAN COME IN WITHOUT THIS THREAT TO HIS EXISTENCE!

NEVER-- NEVER---



THINK IT OVER, COLONEL! YOU KNOW THE DANGER WE FACE FROM TEN-FOR! MACHINE MAN'S AID IS WORTH THE EFFORT OF AN ARMY CORPS!

PERHAPS-- YOU-- MAY-- HAVE-- A-- POINT...



MEANWHILE, IN THE METROPOLITAN DISTRICT OF TOWN...

ONLY PIGEONS CAN PERCH HERE WITHOUT GETTING BORED! I SHOULD PLAN MY NEXT MOVE!

HEY, YOU OUT THERE! YOU'RE MISSING ALL THE FUN!



THE PARTY'S IN HERE, REMEMBER?!? IF YOU CAN GET BACK WITHOUT BREAKIN' YOUR NECK, YOU MAY WIN FIRST PRIZE FOR THAT COSTUME!

WELL! I WOULDN'T WANT TO MISS THAT, WOULD I?!

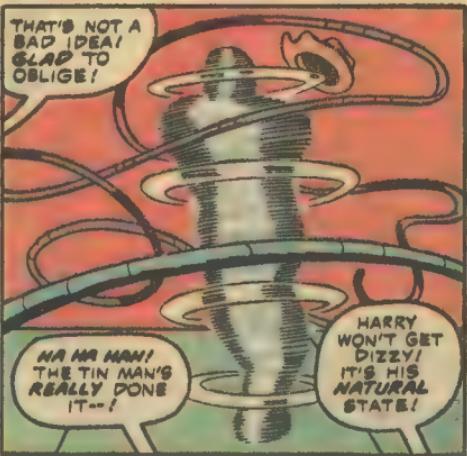


WHAT IN THE WORLD???

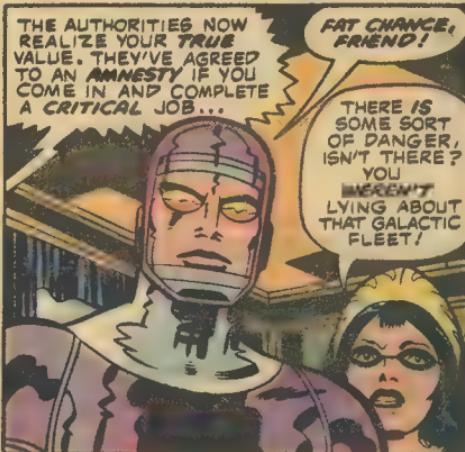
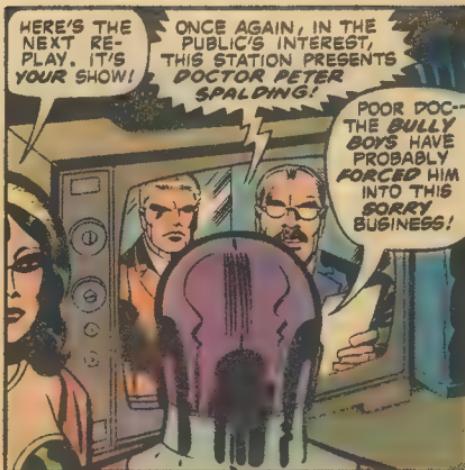
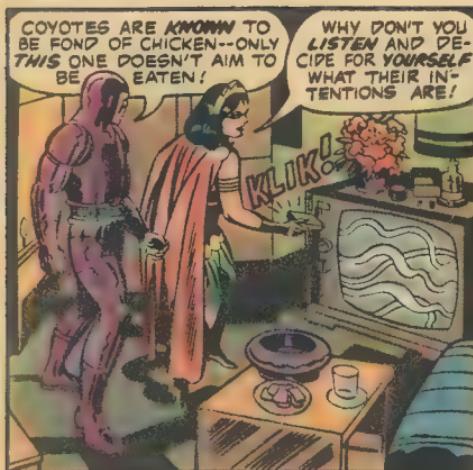
I'LL BE
RIGHT
OVER!













I-I UNDERSTAND NOW...
PLEASE FORGIVE ME!

SAVE IT! JUST
GET YOUR LAUGHS
WHILE YOU CAN!

SOMEHOW... I
CAN'T HELP
FEELING SORRY
FOR YOU...

+51

I'LL GET MY T.V. CREW AND BE
ON HAND WHEN THAT SPACE
ARMADA SHOWS UP! IT MAY
BE A GRIM EVENT, BUT IT'S
ALSO THE STORY OF THE
CENTURY!

GOOD LUCK!
AND STAY
CLEAR OF
DEATH
RAYS

WHEN
THE
GIRL
LEAVES...

BLAST
PROGRESS!
BLAST THE
WONDER
BOYS WHO
MEDDLE IN
MYSTERIES
THAT
PRODUCE
THINGS
LIKE ME!

BLAST!
BLAST!
BLAST!

MEANWHILE
IN A DISTANT
GALAXY, A
STRONG SIGNAL
FROM EARTH
IS RECEIVED
ON AN
ALIEN
DEVICE...

IT'S STILL
COMING IN!
SEE THAT OUR
DECODERS
TRANSLATE IT
AT ONCE!

IT'S A DISCOVERY REPORT!
SPACE ROVER TEN-FOR
OFFERS A PLANET IN A
REMOTE SYSTEM TO THE
AUTOCRON EMPIRE!

TRANSMIT THE
DETAILS TO THE
FLAGSHIP!

WE'RE
STANDING
BY-- READY
TO RECEIVE!



TARGET IS NUMBER
THREE IN A NINE
PLANET SYSTEM...
NAME: EARTH!
INHABITANTS:
FLESH WEARERS!
LOCATION: QUADRANT
43269-MDS!

THAT'S REALLY IN THE
BOONDOCKS! I'LL SWITCH
THIS TO THE ADMIRAL
FOR CLEARANCE!

I HEARD YOU! ACTIVATE ALL
STAR-DRIVES FOR A LONG JUMP
TO THAT QUADRANT! TEN-FOR IS
A SEASONED ROVER! HIS
RECOMMENDATION IS OFFICIALLY
APPROVED!

PUT EVERY GUN
CREW ON FULL ALERT
AND CLEAR THE DECKS
FOR AN ALL-OUT
ASSAULT!!





MACHINE MAIL

60 P. O. BOX 4943, THOUSAND OAKS, CA. 91360

"Would You Like A Machine To Fight Your Battles?"

Darn tootin' you would. So would I. It would certainly save us the job of deciding the thrust of our aggressions. A machine man at our service could guard us all from the frictions and conflicts that stalk humanity in a variety of forms.

Now, who's going to knock a machine man bodyguard? In a protective capacity, he could be invaluable to the average family. I can visualize him at this moment, disarming a burglar, sounding a fire alarm, and pulling the family car to a service station should it break down in the middle of "Highway Nowhere."

There would be less anxiety in the household if a machine man accompanied little Ted and Theodora to school. Mother would be overjoyed to unload her packages on him at the supermarket. Machine man at the family hearth is bound to establish a feeling of security never known before by Sid and Zelda Average. Of course, he might never replace television, but watching it in an atmosphere of super-serenity is bound to be unbeatable.

Actually, I'm ready to rush out to buy or rent a machine man as soon as he's available commercially. But I'm a bit disturbed about my neighbor. He's going to buy one, too. And the first time we hassle over a broken fence or damaged shrub, there will be nuts and bolts flying when each of our machine men settle the argument. It could result in a minor holocaust which could turn a lawn into a plow field and a house into scattered bricks.

Well, I suppose this can be regarded as "nit-picking" in some quarters. After all, the pluses may far outweigh the minuses. The public spirited citizen is a "good guy", he's not likely to allow his machine man to get out of hand. Lawsuits are troublesome visions to him, and the prospect of extensive repairs would drive him to insomnia.

"Ah, but what about the bad guy," you say. "He'll risk anything for a buck, and with a machine man to do his bidding—well, Holy Toledo!"

It's probably, true. The police are going to have it tougher than ever to make a bust. Chances are that it will be done by mechanical guardians of the law with gear and power to assault a fortress. We may be in store for "shoot-outs" that could make WWII look like a brannigan af a political fish fry. They may televise them for the evening news but the TV crews will have to do it from improvised bunkers.

Sure, the machine men won't cause a bit of change in our social structure except to heighten its violence quotient in a spectacular manner. For every metal teacher there will be a steel "hit man." The military services will train divisions of them for land, sea and air duty, with little concern for draft resisting or malcontents. It's an obvious fact that the machine man, programmed for battle alone, would make the ideal soldier.

Is this any reason for cheer? I don't think so. The enemy of the future, whoever he may be, will with little doubt, follow the same course. Besides, there's still the "BOMB", and no robot made anywhere is going to overshadow its frightening potential. However, as long as brush-fire wars are fought, the coming of machine men is to be acknowledged as a weighty factor in the "see-saw" competition for influence and power.

The years to come may bring us many technical changes but the peculiar nature of the human animal will do little with them except bend the world to his will. Machine man himself, will be caught in the middle of contending passions and waving flags. He will be smiled upon and earn the fearful scowls of those who brought him into being. He will inherit our pleasures and hang-ups and become a candidate for some analyst's couch. Poor Machine Man. Made in our image, he will shoulder our uncertainties, insecurities and put up with the company of our visiting relatives.

Smart aleck adolescents will use him for a tape deck and program him to dance for laughs. Mischievous tykes will make him spark, the family hound will regard him as a hydrant and a torrent of such minor abuses will saddle Machine Man with unimaginable sorrows.

Perhaps, when our relationship to Machine Man is established, he's going to examine it seriously and disconnect his life functions.

Naturally, that won't bother us humans one smidgin. We'll just manufacture more machine men—to fight our battles and hang out the wash, because that's what we want, and there wasn't a moment since the first hairy rascal salled from his cave to the present day, in which a human being did not fulfill his own desires.

Jack Kirby
PO Box 4943
Thousand Oaks, CA 91360

FROM OUT OF THE FIERY PIT COMES

GHOST RIDER™

THE MOST SUPERNATURAL SUPER-HERO OF ALL!

ON SALE EVERY OTHER MONTH--YOU DARE NOT MISS IT!





scanned by *Wizard*

